

THE DAILY SILVER BELT

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A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

My experience of life makes me sure of one thing, that the sweetest happiness we ever know comes from sacrifice, from the efforts to make others happy.—Pearse.

If every well was a hole in the ground man's pathway would certainly be filled with pitfalls.

France has formulated "a code of the air." It will be of little interest to "we earthmen."

"Farmers will listen to Bryan," says the Phoenix Democrat. Talk about the patience of Job!

In a recent Egyptian speech our Teddy said that "deeds should come after words." Teddy, get busy.

If the report comes from Washington tomorrow that the statehood bill has passed the senate, just remember the date.

A Southern Pacific attache at Tucson has written a musical comedy entitled "A Sacred Liar." Harriman didn't live in vain.

Dad Sturges has joined the Cameron ranks and asserts with vehemence that the statehood bill will pass at this session of congress.

Trust Benson, Arizona, for innovations. The Press has made its appearance with the head of the newspaper printed on the last page.

At least it will be no foolin' matter with the bill collector. He will be there in all seriousness for the price of that new Easter bonnet.

Lamblike March was ushered in and lamblike March will be ushered out. Arizona, especially the Globe section, has the finest climate in the world.

"Egyptians get plain talk," reads a telegraphic headline. Without going any deeper in the column here's dollars to doughnuts that it's Teddy.

A Phoenix spinster with a fat bank roll, after trying for fifty-three years to get away from "single blissfulness," hanged herself to a tree the other day.

While passing through these cloudy days it is refreshing, at least, to read that J. Parke Channing predicts that copper will again go to twenty-five cents.

If you see a fat-appearing pocketbook on the pavement tomorrow morning, don't molest it; let the other fellow pick it up, so that you, too, may enjoy the laugh.

A Phoenix man offers \$25 reward for "the arrest and conviction of any minor found purchasing intoxicating liquors in Phoenix." Who has turned the tables?

That dead man, enroute from California to Ohio, who tried to leave his casket on a Santa Fe train at Needles, evidently decided he had reached his destination.

A San Diego man, the oldest Elk in the world, celebrated his 100th anniversary the other day by running a foot race and taking a plunge in the surf. "Oh, you kid!"

So diversified is the climate of Arizona that it is not only the custom, but quite the thing, to pull off two Arbor Days. The northern tier of counties will observe the day on April 8.

The Phoenix Republican refers to Colonel W. S. Sturges as an "infrequent visitor." And is the colonel getting to be something of a stranger in the circle championed by the Republican; or is life more pleasant "down on the farm?"

Phoenix is pulling for the general offices of the Consolidated Telephone company, claiming that increase of business in that city warrants that step. If gate receipts are to be considered Globe will knock the plum.

"It seems that the Arizona Republican can't alight anywhere without blistering its feet," says the Phoenix Democrat. George Mauk et al., in Globe, might give the bird a tip on where a cold shoulder could be found.

Tex Rickard says that if Johnson quits the great "White Way" he has "a chance to defeat Jeffrie." It would be a tame affair if he didn't have a chance. But why this kind of dope? The advance sales already approximate \$160,000.

It poured down again on Easter Sunday in Southern California. And now the Los Angeles newspapers are telling the outside world that the oldest inhabitant can't recall when Jupiter Pluvius was guilty of such conduct. Oh, slivers!

The Phoenix Republican recalls the fact that one William Jennings Bryan once upon a time made a triumphal march around the world amid wild plaudits to return one night to a genuine ovation in New York, and the next day to be the Colonel Bryan of years before. Teddy, Teddy; don't thou see thy fate?

WORKMEN'S PENSIONS

After twenty years of agitation and four years of legislative debate, the French senate has passed a workmen's pension bill by a vote of 280 to 2. Thus France, in this respect, places herself in the vanguard of progress.

The time is coming when every nation in Christendom will either find some way to assure the worker a more fair share of the fruits of his toil than the competitive wage system gives him, or provide workmen's pensions.

Pensions for the soldier have been the customary thing for many years; and pensions for workmen will in time become customary.

A boy comes out of school at 16, say, and goes to work. He works steadily and faithfully for a lifetime. If he has extraordinary good fortune, he is able to support himself and his family through all those years. Yet his wage is inevitably so close to the bare cost of living that saving against impotent age is difficult. Loss of employment, sickness, injury—these lurking perils time after time wipe out the slender margin of saving and exhaust the bank balance. Fortunate indeed is the workman who reaches old age with savings ample enough to support him and his worn-out wife through the valley whose shadows deepen into the darkness that knows no light this side of the grave.

From 16 to 60—forty-four years—this man has delved or spun or wrought for the benefit of society. Society has profited by his labors, and has returned to him for his services little if any more than the bare necessities of life. Shall society leave him to die a pauper, or to depend for his life upon humiliating private or public charity, when his usefulness is gone? If it does, isn't it ingratitude of the most wretched kind?

If the soldier deserves a pension for his efforts to destroy life and property, how much more does this workman deserve a pension for his lifelong efforts to serve humanity, to foster life and to create and increase property?

If the soldier whose occupation it is to kill and destroy is a patriot, how much more a patriot is this workman whose occupation it is to save and create property and to prosper humanity!

When society accepts from the workman the rich fruits of his long life of toil, giving him in return but the scantiest share of his own products, and then leaves him to charity in his useless age, society commits a crime.

The workman's pension is not a charity, but a well earned and rightful reward for a life of useful service.

It is a measure of justice, not of philanthropy. Extended by society to the workmen who have made society's prosperity and progress possible, it is a duty done, not a concession granted. It is well earned pay, not a beggar's pittance.

It is an assurance to the faithful worker that society, which has profited by his labor during his years of useful service, will not throw him into the scrapheap of pauperism when his eyes are dim and his hand feeble.

RELIEF FROM AFRICA

Cheering news from the vanguard of progress!

If the succulent porterhouse steak, the rib-filling pork loin, the satisfying mutton chop and the filling and appetite tickling side of bacon fail us, there are men who are proposing that we fill our national larder with meat from the jungles of Africa, a contingent recently discovered by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, a distinguished faunal naturalist, huntsman and traveler.

Captain Fritz De Quesne, a Boer; Dr. W. N. Erwin of the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture; and Major Burham, who has spent many years in Africa and who

was with Roosevelt during part of his recent travels, appeared before the house committee on agriculture to sing the praises of meat from the wild beasts of the African rivers and jungles.

They made it quite clear that if this country's supply of food animals goes back on us, all we have to do to be saved from vegetarianism is to cultivate a taste for hippopotamus, rhinoceros, camel, eland, springbok, trekkbok, dikdik, coo-doo, giraffe, and other African animals. The taste cultivated, or the necessity made so pressing that we will eat these beasts whether we have the taste for them or not, all we need to do is to import these animals, dead or alive, and eat them.

However, there probably will be more difficulty in making hippopotamus steak and dikdik cutlets popular than there would be in increasing the supply of beef, mutton, or pork. Just at present, we fancy there is no great appetite for these delicacies in this country. Cultivated palates may delight in coo-doo and rhinoceros, but American palates haven't that sort of cultivation. Perhaps these animals, some of them at least, are not so bad as they sound. The springbok and trekkbok are kinds of deer. The coo-doo and the dikdik sound like fantastic beasts out of a Lewis Carroll nonsense rhyme. The rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, viewed in the circus menagerie, didn't look the part if they are good to eat.

Let us hope that the situation isn't so bad as to make it necessary to do this thing. Maybe if the tariff were removed from meat and meat animals, we could get in some supplies of real meat, the kind of meat we have been taught to like. Maybe if some of the native animals could be released sooner from cold storage there would be a larger visible supply of our own kind of meat. Maybe if the meat trust could be dehorned the meat supply would be greater and prices lower. Several things will occur to anybody that are worth trying before we resort to the proposed consumption of hippopotamus spareribs.

In The Halls of Congress

BY TAV.

Special Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30.—(Special)—That President Taft's position as leader of the republican party was considerably undermined in the recent fight upon the house rules is realized in many quarters. Now that sufficient time has passed to estimate the damage done the G. O. P. as a result of the introduction of the Norris resolution, it is fully realized in political circles that the Taft administration was revealed supporting the Cannon side of the controversy squarely.

It is being recalled, for instance, that in the very midst of the battle which raged throughout an entire night, Representative Sereno Payne of New York, the republican floor leader, arose and appealed to the progressives to desert their cause out of respect for the president. There could be no misunderstanding of Mr. Payne's meaning. His intimation was that the president would be best satisfied if Speaker Cannon was allowed to remain a member of the rules committee. As the republican floor leader used the president's name in attempting to dissuade the progressives from their attempt to improve the nationally-condemned house rules, there could be no other inference than that Mr. Payne considered the insurgents' movement to be one hostile to the wishes of the president.

No injustice is being done Mr. Taft when it is said that the present rules would have been improved at the opening of the present session had not he sided against the progressives. Soon after the house convened following Mr. Taft's inauguration an attempt was made by the progressives and democrats to unseat Speaker Cannon and improve the house rules as provided for in the Norris resolution. The allies would have been successful but for the action of the president, who used every power at his command to defeat the object of the coalition of progressives and democrats. The president's reason for protecting "Uncle Joe" and the old rules, as given to visitors at the White House, was that he (President Taft) believed that a change of speakers together with new rules would operate against the passage of a tariff bill such as was promised in the republican platform.

Ever since that time it has been well known in Washington that President Taft would disapprove of any attempt to change either rules or speaker. Republican members of congress were led to believe that should they attempt to do either of these things, they would immediately fall into disrepute at the White House. The president's attitude undoubtedly caused many a republican who disapproved of the speaker and rules to keep his own counsel and to tolerate a condition that in his own heart he felt to be little short of infamous.

Viewing the recent fight in the light of these facts, it becomes apparent that those republicans who voted with the democrats in support of the Norris resolution did so irrespective of the

position of President Taft. That indicates that the president's control of republican members of congress is on the wane.

That the administration was backing the old rules side of the argument was made plain by the fact that the so-called "regulars," or those who accept the leadership of the president, opposed the Norris resolution providing for the improvement of the rules.

In the approaching congressional elections, therefore, the regulars will have to defend their antagonism to the fair and much needed reform of the house rules, along with the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot tariff law, extravagance, and all the rest of their political sins.

MORNING SMILES

Patience—What is she doing with all the alimony she's getting?

Patrice—Oh, she's saving it so she can support another husband.

"Johnny, can you tell us why Washington is called the Father of His Country?"

"'Cause he walked the floor a good many nights when it was still young, I guess."

"I guess I made a mistake. I wouldn't paint a doorstep for the old tenant?"

"Well?"

"And now I've got to paint the entire house for the new tenant."

"We must call on the countess next."

"But the countess is in jail."

"Well, one must not neglect one's social duties. Let us drive around to the jail and leave cards."

Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?

Crabble—He's the meanest fellow I ever met. Goodley—At any rate, he's successful. He has taken advantage of his opportunities.

Crabble—Yes, and I guess his opportunities were small, which is another sign of his meanness.

Clothier—Were you pleased with the overcoat I sold you?

Customer—Oh, yes; all my boys have worn it. Clothier—Well, think of that.

Customer—I do. Every time after a rain the next smaller one has to take it.

"The candidate insists that he was defeated by the trusts."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "when ever a man gets the worst of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."

"Got any little nieces or nephews?"

"Nope."

"To whom are you going to leave your money?"

"To my fashionable sister-in-law, I guess. She once named a poodle after me."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—It is said that the five great original forests of the United States covered 850,000,000 acres and contained 52,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—In those days, you see, there was some place for a man to go when his wife cleaned house.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

All men are more or less homely—usually more.

It's easier to stand your conscience off than your creditors.

Many a candidate has spoiled his chances by being too candid.

One king in the hand is worth two on the throne—in a poker game.

The fool is still seeking a position after the wise man has found a job.

The headache the morning after is often responsible for many a good resolution.

When a man feels that he's appreciated it means he has been over-estimated by others.

Lots of men enjoy getting the short end of it so they will have something to kick about.

Always tell the truth and the chances are that you will not be mistaken for a member of your state legislature.

Ten long years ago an Ohio girl married a rich old man with one foot in the grave—but he is still buying his shoes by the pair.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

A woman can no more doubt her love letters than her bible.

A prize fight is more honorable than business competition, because it has fair rules.

A man takes exercise mostly to bore other people telling them about how he does it.

A rake will put away wine in the cellar for his grandchildren, but a farmer won't set out fruit trees for his in the orchard.



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should be, correct as any of his decisions. That is the way linen is that has been laundered here. Send us your washables this week. Note the fine finish on them when you get them back. It shows the linen, not a thick layer of starch that conceals and cracks the garment. Our finish preserves as well as beautifies linen.

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